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# Towards The End Of The World



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## Chapter 1 by Bill L.

Eben eyed the cave from over the sparking hell and whirling vortex of his campfire. Of course he could go inside now, it really didn't matter whether it was day or night once you entered a cave. Somehow, however it was always comforting to enter during the day so that when you did return the warm embracing sun could welcome you back. A heat eddy from the fire seemed to twist the cave entrance into a chomping mouth; the shadows within now a black tongue, tasting the air for it's next prey. Going in now was an option but it wasn't a reality, not tonight.

Eben stood and kicked the back of his bed roll and it rolled out perfectly to the end where it rested with a thump. Boots off and propped up to keep the insects out he layed down and sandwiched himself in the woolen covers. It wasn't cold yet but the air from the mountains fell everyday about this time, creating a cold breeze that could kill an unprepared, unwelcome traveler caught outside. Ebin had some idea that the mountain knew why he was here and it had no problems killing him to save itself the trouble.

The first stars were up to the East. Great constellations marking harvests and festivals and sacrifices of old began to take shape on the sky's black canvas. The great vortex of light marking

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Eventually Eben drifted into an uneasy sleep and an animal screamed in the distance.

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